

THE last act of Christ's life was the Cross. The agony of Calvary proclaimed Him finally the Saviour of the world.
—THE COMMANDANT.

SUFFERING IS THE GREAT CREDENTIAL OF SINCERITY.

—THE COMMANDANT.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XI. NO. 9.

WILLIAM DOOTH,
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, DEC. 1, 1894.

HERBERT H. DOOTH,
[Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.

"Greater Love Hath no Man than this, that a Man Lay Down His Life for His Friends."

A PATHETIC INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO RUSSIAN WAR.

A dying soldier—his bleeding chest riddled through with cruel shot—painfully drags himself across the desolate field of desolation to the spot where his wounded enemy lies swooning with cold and agony, envelops him in his military cloak, and, by this supreme impulse of self denial, in the very hour and article of death, preserves the life of another.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO SUCCOR YOUR SIN-SMITTEN COMRADES?



"Christ did not shrink from the Cross. He saw that salvation for our race—and we know not what other advantages to other races—could only be effected by His sacrifice. He came from heaven to endure it, and instead of trying to avoid it, He pushed forwards to the tragic hour. He pressed on the sword until it was sheathed in His breast."

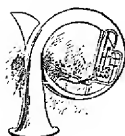
—THE GENERAL.

"Greater Love Hath no Man than This, THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."

This Death-Stricken Soldier folded his own warm mantle round the Shivering Frame of his Mortal Enemy, Prostrate on the Blood-Sodden Earth.

"WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US."

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love as another's life, my life, my all."



IN THE BATTLEFIELD lay two soldiers, a Frenchman and a Russian. Into the din of the fray they had galloped. For hours, amid thick showers of shot and shell had they fought for their respective countries. Now, each finds a hard bed on the cold earth. In pain and agony they patiently wait for some help and succor. The one had his chest pierced by a cruel cannon ball, the other's leg had been broken. Doubtless, they both received their wounds at the same time. The hall had taken deadly effect, and its victim must die, while the poor, broken-legged fellow would in all probability live. Like flashes of lightning their thoughts travel to wife, mother, home, and children.

Night comes on space with its chilling, biting winds, making their agonies all the more severe.

The Dying Frenchman

has a warm coat which covers his body. The wounded man drew nearer to each other, and clasped hands. Soon the Russian fell into a heavy slumber. Only a thin coat covered his body, and his sleep would have been fatal. When in the morning he awoke, and gradually recovered consciousness, he found himself wrapped in a warm, French, great coat. His dying companion, finding that his hours were numbered, had just strength enough left to take of his great coat, and wrap his new friend in it; then with a peaceful conscience he had breathed his last. The wounded Russian eventually recovered, and being a cripple, was sent to his own village. He took with him a button of the coat to which he owed his life.

What a noble example this to every officer, soldier, and recruit in God's noble Salvation Army! Great love this that prompted such action. Greater, grander, and far more supreme was the wondrous love that prompted Jesus to literally give His precious life for you and I. SELF-DENIAL WEEK is at hand. How much have you suffered for Jesus? In the service of a High Heaven, how much have you lost? But for the boundless compassion, and the cruel death of the King of Glory, every Ob, the great love manifested by a dying Frenchman to one of his foes—a Russian. Jesus died for all His enemies. True, self-denial prompted

His Supreme Sacrifice.

Little could He have spared from His Father's home. "There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin." He counted not His life dear unto Him. Because He lost His life, He found it. Because He lives, we live, too.

SALVATIONIST, you should be glad to have a share in the blessing of SELF-DENIAL WEEK. Your profession is such a high one. By your uniform you say that you are a follower of the Great Self-Denial. Then, don't fail to follow Him in this connection. The world's eyes are upon you. But for the compassion of the Man of Sorrows you may have been in darkness and woe to-day. Having been forgiven much you should love much. Here there is a beautiful channel through which your stream of love can flow. "There is that scattereth and

yet increaseth." Scatter away then. Sook to benefit the Army's work and grease the old chariot's wheels by rubbing in the grease (money) during the first week in December. What great joys salvation has brought to your home! Then render Jesus practical help by

Practical Acts of Self-Denial

CHRISTIAN, real, thorough, washed-white, whole-souled Christian, SELF-DENIAL WEEK should act as a lever to lift you nearer to God. Though not a Salvationist, you are a soldier of the King's own troops; in the same goal you are marching; in the same fight you are battling. Perhaps you have a coat which you could throw over a dying warrior. Then, in your special part of the battle-field, what advantages you possess to infuse the self-denial spirit into others of your own peculiar regiment. Then you can help and succor the sorely pressed S.A. battalion by remembering to practice acts of self-denial during this week, and also take care that all your friends and neighbors hear about it.

BACKSLIDER AND LUKE WARM PROFESSOR, there is joy for you in this great scheme if you will seek it.

Once you Followed Jesus Closely.

Often you denied yourself of time, worldly pleasure, luxury and ease, to better further the Kingdom of God. Since then willful neglect and open rebellion have brought waves of sorrow and despair to your soul. You snatched at the shadow of self-gratification and on to ruin and woe you are rushing at fearful speed. What a boon the S.D. week should be to you! Turn then to the Lord; deny yourself; if yourself; self, that foul monster, has successfully entrapped thy poor soul; self will land thee into a fearful perdition. Let thy pitiful, repentant cry be, "None of self but all of Thee." Then will follow other acts of self-denial which will bless and speed the war.

SINNER, you may be a smoker. Then do without the usual amount of smoking and chewing tobacco that week, give the cash value to the Captain, then give yourself to Jesus. You may be a heavy liquor drinker. Then cease this vile habit for a week, give the S.A. officer the value of the quantity of cursed stuff which would have gone down your throat, and then go to the Fountain of Living Waters, never again to touch, taste, or handle "distilled damnation." You may be a haughty, proud, female sinner. Your poor body is bedecked with the latest fashions. You know you would not like to be

Laid, a Corpse, in a Coffin

dressed as you are to-day. Give the Army the amount of cash you spend weekly, just for once. Then at its penitential form seek and find that great salvation that can eradicate one of the most baneful of sins—PRIDE. You may be an unscrupulous business man. Your business has become your God. It burdens and worries have successfully choked and put out your rapidly-waning spiritual light. To such an one as you, the SELF-DENIAL WEEK can be the time of your salvation. Seek forgiveness, put God into your business, give some of your cash to help along the Army's work, and you will be happy.

Reader, if a poor, dying French soldier had so much love to deny himself of a warm coat during a bleak, cold night on a battle field, and covered his enemy—a Russian—with it, thus saving his life, what ought you not to do during SELF-DENIAL WEEK by your acts of love and self-denial to save the millions of sinners who are going to hell?

Do you know the meaning of that word, "forever?" If you do, you will be able to form some estimate of the value of your neighbor's SOUL, and some idea of how much you should suffer to save it.—THE COMMANDANT.

Victoria, B. C. — Prisoners captured. Crowds good; open-air marches well attended, in spite of rainy weather. WAR CRYs being boomed. Heat of all the soul-saving work is going ahead. During the past few weeks many have knelt at our penitential-form. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald to the front, assisted by Captains Thomas and Patton, the latter for probably the last time. At night, three volunteered out.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—GAL. vi. 2.

Trinity.—In the past three weeks six out of seven, and three for holiness.—Captain NEWMAN.

Vancouver.—Captain Milner is a Salvationist all over. Great and glorious work Sunday night. Two came to the mercy-seat.

Summerside, P.E.I.—Been here a month and had the joy of seeing ten souls saved. Backsliders are coming back.—Lieut. HERR for Capt. YOUNG.

Richmond St.—Sunday, Staff-Capt. McMillan and his son, and Social Reform boys with us. Good spiritual meeting. One soul.—BRO. ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

Brandon, Man.—Crowds coming up, collections increasing. Shewers of blessing. Commenced the Sunday with faith for souls. Five knelt for deliverance.—Capt. GREEN.

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men.—II. COL. iii. 23.

Bridgewater, N.S.—One soul. Visit from Captain Pugh, who gave a very interesting address on the Social work. Good crowd considering the evening was stormy.—FRANK HAME.

Halifax 1.—Thursday night, one soul. Friday night, three souls for pardon, and four souls for sanctification. Grand time Sunday good crowd, four souls at the mercy-seat.—Sergeant-Major CARRIN.

Calgary.—One precious soul has heard the Saviour's pardoning voice. Week of special meetings. Banquet, a grand success. We have our eyes on the Self-Denial target.—M. L. CAMPBELL, soldier.

Westville, N.S.—Souls have sought mercy. Although I am alone at present, God is helping me. On Thursday night, Captain Baird and Lieutenant Stephens wished us good-bye.—Captain CAMPBELL.

Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—GAL. vi. 9.

Halifax 1.—The Week of Self Denial will soon be upon us. I feel if we go in with all our hearts, and do our best, and induce others to go and do likewise, it will be a success. On Sunday, good crowd, and three souls at the Cross.—Sergeant-Major CANON.

Comber Circle Corps.—One or two souls. Visit Brigadier Margatta. He spent Sunday morning and afternoon at Staples. Four for a clean heart, one for salvation. We have had to fight the tobacco devil.—Lieutenant TOOKER, for Captain ROCK.

Edmonton.—Three souls. While visiting, the people are very kind to us, and invite us to come to again. I pray that God may help us to win souls from sin and darkness. Soldiers are taking real interest in souls.—Capt. ISAACSON.

Annapolis, N. S.—We are seeing a few people coming to the blood. Sunday, we had Capt. Knight and his bride with us. At night three volunteered. All came on the platform Monday. Going in for a good week of Self-Denial here.—Ensign ALWARD.

Perth.—Brigadier T. W. Scott with us, also the hallooing giant, Adj. Magee. Had the Knox Presbyterian church for the Social Reform lecture. Hurrah for S.D. I. We are bound to knock our target.—Capt. KENDALL, Lieut. HOLLYER.

The first of the first fruits of thy land shalt thou bring into the house of the Lord thy God.—EX. xxiii. 19.

Bridgewater.—Grand temperance meeting. Special meeting Monday night. Brigadier Jacobs, Ensign Alward, Captain and Mrs. Pelley, Captain Boggs, Lieutenants Poole and Smith, to the front.—PAULINE, a soldier.

Clark's Harbor.—Special meeting. Captain Pugh with us, also Brigadier Jacobs and Lieutenant Smith. This was Brigadier's first meeting here; everybody turned out, and gave him a good welcome. Two sisters came to the penitential-form.—Captain BENNETT.

Springhill Mines.—Captain Miller, of Sackville, also Captain Perry with us. The last night of his stay, he gave a lecture on St. Paul's life and travels, illustrated by views from a powerful oil lantern. The people much interested. Two souls.—Captain PRINCE.

Gibson.—Since I came to this place, the fight has been hard and severe. The Salvation Army is not thought much of here. If they would take their social glass, and do so others, there are many precious who would be

come disciples. I think when we were righteously, we should delight in the fight. That God I know I have passed from death into life, because I have a new power, I have something that reaches out towards God, and by the eye of faith I can see yonder home. Comrades in the fight, stand firm in the Army. Only God and I myself know how I feel the Army. It's my home, my birthplace, where I was born. Why should I not love it? Sergeant S. DEAN.

For unto you it is given on behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake.—PHIL. I. 29.

Tilt Cove.—We are the farthest camp north on the island. We are going in to work and knock it down. The powers of darkness. Soldiers, stand, and stand, have an interest in the work. Our barracks is being fitted up for the cold months, also the quarters.—Capt. BERNICE.

Amherst.—Things are brighter, prospects better, God working, and victory near. We have been favored with a number of special lately; now they are all gone, and Lieutenant and myself are again alone. One soul for cleansing, another for pardon.—Captain PENNEY, Lieutenant WILSON.

Channel, Nfld.—We struck the H. P. target and knocked it down. Seven souls have sought salvation. Captain Green has arrived. The way a little "till," but God is with us.—Capt. COOPER.

Moosajaw.—Good soldiers' meeting and holiness meeting. On Sunday morning one soul came back to the fold. Good crowd.—Capt. SCOTT, Lieut. KIM.

Travelling a short time ago, we had a boy to sell. Met a man; asked him to buy. He said, "Yes," paid the money, and told me to take it to a certain gentleman. Did not give me his name, nor asked for mine. I thought he must have a lot of trust in the Army uniform. I believe in wearing our colors with all my heart. I never saw him before, and maybe, never will again. I might have kept that skin, but of course I delivered my trust. I do pray that we may never betray the trust put in us.—S. M.

Lindsay.—The devil keeps a tight hold of the people. Lately we've been very busy. Our work has been as follows: In the morning we were QUOR-BOTS. After breakfast, we are CARTERS—carting wood to the barracks for the winter.

After dinner, we are VISITORS, visiting our people. After supper, we take the place of PREACHERS—preaching salvation to the people. To cap all after our meeting till twelve o'clock, we work at SELF-DENIAL matter. We mean to march on, thanking God for plenty of work.—Lieut. SLATER.

As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—GAL. vi. 10.

Halifax 11.—Forty-one souls last fortnight, including three Sundays. Numbers for the blessing. Enrolment of recruits last week. Visit from Ensign Harry and No. 1 band. A string band started of twelve instruments. Captured the crowd. Had filled nearly every night. Last Sunday night, picked to the door. Farewell of our H. M. S. "Bliss" boys. Four more have come in their place. SEVEN WAR CRY BOOMERS APPOINTED. WAR CRYs CLEARED OUT FIRST NIGHT.—J. J. JEFFERSON, JOE SPAIN, C.O's.

Everything looked bright as the MORRIS band boys boarded the train for HERNES. Able fifteen all told, with Ensign McLean. As the train neared its destination, we could hear the depot illuminated with the glare of the torches, provided by our foreman, Brother W. ROY. We marched to the officers' quarters to the strains of well-known Army music. Barracks well filled. Free and easy, with a oyster supper.

Sunday afternoon, the life of Christ from the manger to the Throne. At night, powerful revival open-air and inside meeting. Hall packed. Two souls.

We desire to thank the people of Hastings for their liberal hospitality.—A. B. C.

Brighton.—After committing our Knappville comrades to Jesus, we boarded the train for Brighton. Comrades here are Orders for Brighton. Comrades here are willing to go all lengths for Jesus. The people very good to us in providing the necessities of life. Ensign Bear with us. Depend on us to do our level best for SELF-DENIAL.—Capt. BROADBENT, Lieut. NORMAN.

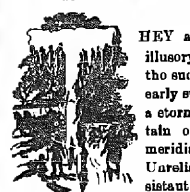
Friends Who are Willing to Work at Home

at some article for the Sale of Work in Toronto, about Christmas, are kindly requested to write to Mrs. DE BARNET, 41 Charles Street, Toronto.

CANADA AND CANADIAN

First Impressions

BY OUR BRITISH EXILES



first impressions must serve purpose, similar to my day-by-day for what they are worth, the or reject them.

"I would that you were not hot in the COUNTRY OF EXTREMES. I appreciate the over-like atmosphere, travelling on the one hand, a sensation you experience there, emerge therefrom on the would take some time, however

I shall never forget the ride to Kingston. Great heat but hot beside. I provided myself overcoat, on the advice of our Secretary, as heavy as a wet blanket in Canada," he said. "Of course he knew he was on a vacant couch. The a distressing I started to wade, with five parcels and complained to the conductor "It's freezing, sir!" "All the obliging soul replied, "It's warm." And he did. I perished. My jaeger got. Broke him home! I shivered. I knew not. I looked anguished. But he stood sphinx-like the old lady in fact she was thought: I walked to the and inspected the arrangement, wares, soap and low lying my noble temples (!) in the and returned to the pen. Scribble!! Scribble!! I scribbled!! The atmosphere most intense. I returned to (publish it not in Gath, nor streets of Askelon) divested of my jersey. Was there over

Nevertheless, I make no complaint. I forgive the old lady's mantle. Canadians must have what they would prefer. So hot—fiery, blazing, flaming heat that agitates self-assertive self-serving travellers to elation from heaven, kindled at the by sacrifice and so fed daily, by an enlightened realization of a cold, sin-frazen world. Very soldiers of the cross!

"This is the best government in the world" advised spokesmen of the COUNTRY OF EXAMPLES.

right. From what I have seen, and gathered during this should say that Canada not world splendid examples in ment and sobriety. Its known to all men. It is a simple. Its sentiment and the drink question alone gives Old Country, a long way drunkness may be said to sweep from the streets. The hope, help the country to go, sweep the drunk away also

CANADA AND CANADIANS

First Impressions.

BY OUR BRITISH EDITOR.



HEY are, as a rule, illusory — often like the sudden beams of early sunshine before a stormy day, or curtain of fog before meridian splendour. Unreliable, inconsistent! And yet first impressions must serve, I suppose, a purpose, similar to my daybreak analogies. For what they are worth, therefore, accept or reject them.

"I would that ye were either cold or hot!" Canada is both, and being a somewhat extreme individual myself, I would grow to appreciate, I suppose, the oven-like atmosphere of Canadian travelling on the one hand, and the chilling sensation you experience the moment you emerge therefrom on the other. That would take some time, however.

A COUNTRY OF EXTREMES.

I shall never forget the ride from Toronto to Kingston. Great ham bones! it was hot inside. I provided myself with an overcoat, on the advice of an International Secretary, as heavy as a war deer-skin. "It is cold in Canada," he said, "very, very cold." Of course he knew best. I threw it on a vacant couch. The sight of it was distressing. I started to write. An old lady, with five parcels and a fur mantle, complained to the conductor about the air. "It's freezing, sir!" "All right, ma'am," the obliging soul replied, "I'll soon make it warm." And he did. I grew hot. I perspired. My jacket grew saturated. Breathing became laborious. What to do, I knew not. I looked anguish at the conductor. But he stood sphinx-like. As for the old lady in fact she was serene. Happy thought! I walked to the end of the car and inspected the arrangements. Here were water, soap and towels. I bathed my noble temples (!) in the cooling basin and returned to the pen. Scribble! Scribble!! Scribble!!! But only for a brief season. The atmosphere became most intense. I returned to the toilet and (publish it not in Glast, nor yet in the streets of Anken) directed myself of my journey. Was there ever such a defeat?

Nevertheless, I make no complaint. In fact, I forgive the old lady in the fur mantle. Canadians must have heat, otherwise they would perish. So must we have heat — fierce, blazing, flaming heat. The heat that engulfs self-tortured, self-loving, self-serving travellers to eternity. Heat from heaven, kindled at the cross, fanned by sacrifice and self-denial, and sustained by an enlightened realization of the needs of a cold, sin-frenzied world. Oh, for hot, fiery soldiers of the cross!

A COUNTRY OF EXAMPLES.

From what I have heard, read, seen, and gathered during this short trip, I should say that Canada sets the whole world splendid examples in order, government and sobriety. Its moderation is known to all men. It is a country of examples. Its sentiment and legislation on the drink question alone gives it pre-eminence among civilized nations. We, in the Old Country, are a long way behind, and drunkenness may be said to have been swept from the streets. The S.O.A. will, I hope, help the country to go on further, viz., help the drink away altogether — over



"Conductor! Its positively freezing."

"I looked anguish at the sphinx-like conductor."

the border, or better, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence!

A country, such as Canada, that can boast of institutions which do not pamper its poor, which aim at reforming and not merely punishing its criminals, and also securing for its citizens an almost absolute day of rest, once a week, is an asset to the world. It deserves to be held in reverence. Five millions of people living under such conditions are richer, by far, than a nation with twenty times that number who are degraded by the vices that proceed from corrupt and oppressive, albeit wealthier, governments. A great responsibility rests upon the S.A. in such a country. It is well equipped for grappling with those evils which, if not over-powered, have the inherent power to destroy the good and alter the character of the nation. Given a reasonable amount of help the Commandant can shape and extend his S.O.A. Scheme to meet this possibility. I am delighted with the lesson of "Joe Bo" in this connection. That part of Montreal in which it is situated is a new and better thing since it was started. A Salvation Army Shelter is more remunerative to a community than a body of criminal detectives, or half-a-dozen charities that are merely ameliorative in their end.

A COUNTRY OF EXPENDITURE.

The Canadians have evidently faith in themselves. They have gone heavily into debt, in full confidence of their ability to discharge the same. So far, so good. Of course, I don't know how far the country's assets are convertible and progressive. I have only looked at things on the surface, but the land and water alone contain, I imagine, inexhaustible wealth. Then there are your railways, and all that they represent! The Salvation Army seems to me to have been founded in much the same way as this, the country itself, with an eye to the future. At any rate, our leaders — Mrs. Booth, as well as the Commandant — do not live and labor for the present. Every stroke of their policy is directed as much towards getting ready for the future, as blessing some body and soul in the present. That is how they impressed me. Wise expenditure justifies itself, and when, as in the case of Canada's social operations, they come to be weighed up by results in months and years to come, it will be shown that not a cent was given or spent in vain; in fact, the pity will be that so little was forthcoming at the time the foundations were put in. All hail to the country of expenditure!

leap forward. It is a country of encouragement.

Such are my first impressions!

— THE — Champion 'War Cry' Editor AT KINGSTON.



HE whistle of the engine is heard at last, and in a short time we grasped the hand of one of the renowned leaders, the English Editor.

Colonel Nicol had a brief Council with the dozen or so officers.

Our visitor read from Act 8 h chapter. Then the officers partook of a Jubilee Tea. Here the Colonel took advantage of the opportunity to have a few words.

The band, with a crowd of soldiers, and the Colonel went for a march. All at once a sudden crimson glare appeared, and on glancing a few yards back, the worthy Ensign McMillivray could be seen burning red fire.

Mrs. Brigadier Scott and the Colonel asked G.D.'s blessing. Sergeant Nowney sang, accompanied by her guitar. Officers from surrounding corps spoke, then Brigadier Scott introduced the Colonel, who rose, and for over an hour uttered such truth as pierced the heart. He dwelt on the principles and practices of the Army, and gave some of his own experiences. Finally the Colonel made us all join hands, and then we felt there was no other organization to equal the Salvation Army. Heaven speed Colonel Nicol. Thank God for giving us the privilege of his presence. F. M.

Morrisburg.—Orders came to meet the train at 4:45 Thursday morning and give Col. Nicol a "God bless you," to cheer him on his way. So Captain, Lieutenant and Sister Gilard shook the slumbers from their eyes, and took a long walk in the dark to the station. Train arrived. No Colonel in sight, Lieutenant, bowed to see him, rushed through one car, then another, saw Brigadier, and finally beheld

COLONEL NICOL SWEETLY SLEEPING underneath a check cap.



She grabbed at his cap. The train started. She started.

Brigadier started after her. With the aid of the conductor he succeeded in throwing her from the train unharmed. Then they walked home and followed the Colonel's example.

On Saturday night, twenty-five choruses, with some interspersed, were sung, then pie and coffee were served, after which the meeting was concluded with twenty-five other choruses. In the prayer meeting three sisters held up their hands for prayer. — ERNE WHITTAKER.

Grand Bank sends a full report written throughout in up-to-date nautical language. Unfortunately it is too late to insert. It is full of brave courage and tells of the H.F. target struck. "In order to raise the wind, on Saturday night, we had a Wax Cnx meeting, with a pound collection on the door. This was a speciality, for pretty near everything was taken out of the Cnx that we were selling. So to watch the meeting through the people bought up all the Cnx, not leaving one for Sunday. It was indeed interesting, especially when Cadet Green read a report from the Salvationist, and gave a short account of his trip to Labrador and back in her."

Friday Night!

TIT-BITS REPORTED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Please Pray About These Meetings. They Have Been a Great Blessing to Many.

—THE COMMANDANT.

"DUST ENDED."

"He who has the spirit of prayer has the highest interest in the course of heaven, and the only way to retain it is to keep it in constant employment. *Spontaneous prayer begins in the closet. No man ever backslid from the life and power of Christianity who continued constant and fervent, especially in private prayer. He who prays without ceasing is likely to rejoice evermore.*" —ADAM CLARKE.

Some folk who got to realize they were no more than the first word in the motto "Dust Ended," had been exercising their privilege and got the second "ended" upon them. This was proved by the unctious which rested on the meeting right from the commencement of the preliminary prayer meeting to the time of writing.

when the Commandant standing at front of the people surrounded with the praying, believing, weeping, agonizing, rejoicing host cried, who believes for the 20th? Shall we have the 20th? and a big volley of "Amen's" is the response.

We are not going to try to describe the meeting, the glorious influence don't tend to add in making cool black and white descriptions. There goes Eosign Morris' cornet, twirling up the scale like the clarion call of a bugler's "ADVANCE" in the midst of battle. Round the Jubilee Hall roof bound the echoes of "His blood can make the vilest clean."

If you wanted to hear the old Wesleyan song, "Alike, my soul," sung, you should have been at that meeting.

Looking at the little lassie who rules at the Working Women's Home, Albert Street, the Commandant said, "There isn't a poor woman comes into your Home, Capt. Soper, for whom there is not room."

"Oh, God, save us from the sin that destroys our confidence in dealing with Thee."

—COMMANDANT.

"Those who feel led of the Holy Ghost pray now," was an invitation from our leader, which was accepted at once.

"Bless this meeting, may every soul feel Thou art a Living Power," prayed Staff-Captain McMillan, and the prayer was answered.

Looking at nine jingles, all of a row, the Commandant said, "The tambourines are magnificent; thank God for a revival of tambourines."

"I can report victory in my soul," said a brother who responded to the call for testimonies instantly.

"Now you ought to give him a good 'HALLELUJAH'; it is not everyone who can report victory in their soul," said the Commandant. That "hallelujah" soon came.

"Would you be saved from all your sin?"

The overflowing river: Don't stand on the edge, but tumble in the overflowing river."

was an apparently improvised chorus started by the Commandant, and evidences the absence of "cushy" in the meeting.

"I'm focussed so that the bull's-eye of His love just reaches my heart." —COMMANDANT.

"I need to think it presumption to say we could walk daily without sin, but now I know it as my own daily experience." —A SISTER.

"I used to have a hungering of heart, although I was converted, but I was satisfied when I got the blessing of a clean heart." —ENSLION HILTS.

"Some of you sit down in that laconic style as if it were a very matter-of-fact thing that He should sign the deed with His precious blood." —COMMANDANT.

Quoting the song words,

"Just as I am, a struggling soul, For life and liberty,"

Mother Florence, the beaming, added the revision,

"Just as I am, a happy soul, With life and liberty."

Sister Worr's testimony touched every heart. She said, "The devil didn't want me to get up and testify." ("Just like him," Mother F.) Sister Worr, telling of a victory, said, "As soon as I stopped murmuring and thanked God for the sickness, God began to give me strength, and since I trusted Him to heal me, I have gained three-quarters of a pound every week." (Vulleyes.)

This from Dad Florence, "I was saved in the old-fashioned way." (Here came a mighty shout of GLORY.) Pointing to his heart, and referring to Satan, "He can't get in here." (Amen.) Continuing: "I don't argue with the devil. I say, 'Here, old chap, you go your way and I'll go mine.' Realist the devil and he will lose from you."

Said a sister "true the Kirk": "Ye must be clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. Oh, I am so glad the Lord can cleanse a Presbyterian as well as a Salvationist. Seven years ago, He washed and cleansed me. Some of us when we are saved cannot stand. We have no backbone. God has made me to stand, not only that, but He has anointed me for service."

"I got so elevated here a week ago," said a brother, "that it has been an elevated week."

"Oh, brethren, I never felt more like being a Salvationist in my life," said a brother in black. A beautiful shape for a red guernsey, we mentally ejaculated.

A sister, with tears, "I feel God does want me to go into the field again. I have had such an up-and-down life this last year."

"Look to Jesus! I feel that is the secret of a self-conquering, devil-conquering, all-conquering life." —MRS. BOOTH.

"I not only want to know every trait of His lovely character, but to gaze—and gaze—and gaze—till that character is mine." —MRS. BOOTH.

Moses got his strength on the mountain top.

"Moses got a shining heart as well as a shining face on the mountain top." —MRS. BOOTH.

"Many Christians do not know what it is to get calloused knees through prayer for poor sinners." —MRS. BOOTH.

"Some of you Salvationists, when you see a sister's faint, do not go to your God on her behalf. You would rather do a bit of pious chat about it." —MRS. BOOTH.

"I am reminded of the General's words, 'Soul-saving is my business, and God has given me a heart for it.'" —MRS. BOOTH.

Addressing the innoce, Mrs. Booth said: "If at twelve to-night the last signal were to sound, and you could tell no more lies to Jehovah, you would have to admit that you are lacking—you have lost that love for souls you had."

"God knows you through and through." —COMMANDANT.

"Between your seat and this holiness table is a great principle, which is the principle of the Cross." —COMMANDANT.

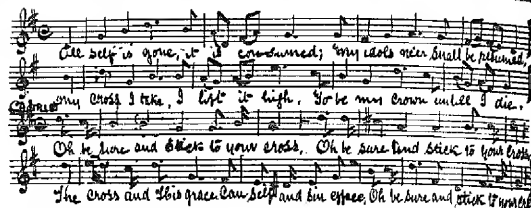
"This laugh and chat religion seems so superficial. We want something deeper. Since my own personal religion became one with some real sacrifice in it, I feel that need more fully." —MRS. BOOTH, in private conversation.

There were twenty-six seekers in the pool before the benediction was pronounced.

J. O.

"Oh, Be Sure and Stick to Your Cross."

—THE GENERAL.



I cast myself at Jesus' feet,
My sin-sick sorrow I repeat,
All inbred sin and pride must go,
That I my Lord may fully know.

No meat or drink, no joy or pain,
No idle pomp, no worldly gain,
No rest or place, no look or dress,
Shall stop me Jesus to confess.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. O.

Staff-Capt. Sharp Calls

"ATTENTION!"

"Right About Face—Quick March!"

If Pluck, Dash, and Energy are the Things Most Required, East Ontario Stands a Fine Chance to go above the Target.

The officers who have entered the race for the corps championship of the E. O. P. we call to ATTENTION!

1st. Capt. Bird, Picton, believes for \$155.

2nd. Capt. Peers, Montreal II, has faith for \$145.

3d. Capt. Burrows, Renfrew, enre of \$132.

4th. Capt. Carter, Pembroke, goes for \$130.

Renfrew won the prize last year, but Bird aims high, and believes to get there; while Peers follows close on his heels.

Still, Capt. Burrows will not give in, and if you will read the following letter it will speak for itself:—

RENFREW.

"I am prepared, by the grace of God and good judgment, to challenge any corps of our size in the E. O. P., for if Renfrew soldiers and friends cannot outstep anything of its size, I am badly mistaken."

W. H. BURROWS, Capt.

CONTEST.

Yes, here it is, and no mistake. Two young women against two newly married couples. Capt. Brady, of Port Hope, stands shoulder to shoulder with Captain Larter, of Campbellford, both run to gain \$80. I am sure while Capt. Malden, of Hamilton, steps right up side by side with the bridegroom, Capt. Davis, of Gananoque. \$75 is the HONEYMOON GIFT.

CHALLENGE.

CORNWALL.

"We, the Cornwall corps, challenge Brockville in raising most money for S. D."

ADJT. TAYLOR.

Sorry to say that since this challenge came the Adjutant has received farewell orders. Still, I believe Ensign and Mrs. Hunter will run the challenge.

BROCKVILLE.

"Re Cornwall challenge. We will gladly accept this, although it is almost too late now, I have been so sick since coming home, but I believe to be in good trim for S. D., to pitch in and defeat Cornwall."

E. MACNAMARA.

AMBITION

is one of the noblest gifts that a field officer can possess—to be ambitious in winning souls, to enroll the recent soldiers, making the liveliest aggressive corps, and winning the most money for the Kingdom. No less than eleven have entered into the competition for the \$70 race. Capt. Moffat, of Deseronto, and Capt. Coate, of Kempenfelt, run abreast at \$65. Capt. Holman, of Nanawake, is running at \$60, while Capt. Parsons, of Sunbury, turns the corner at \$60. Millbrook and Prescott face together for \$55. Then Brighton, Blenheim, Tweed, Port Huron, and Perth, run steady for \$50.

When there is a challenge there is excitement, so Kingston Juniors are all excited over the following news.

OTTAWA.

"I was speaking to the Juniors yesterday about Self-Denial, asking what they would do, and they said, 'We will take Kingston and run them,' so at it they go. Ottawa shall win. Kingston shall be defeated." —T. OONISS, Ensign.

ENTERPRISE.

Why should we not have more of it? Is the Kingdom of God? The world has it. We believe in enterprise, and we have got officers who go in for it and believe to reach the \$50 goal. Capt. Milson, just promoted, takes the lead at \$45. Odessa, Waterloo, and others are determined to win \$40, while Capt. Melke, of Bedford, is only three dollars short of \$40. Then Norwood, Stanstead, Chateaufort, and Richmond keep close to each other for \$35. This is news I love to receive.

THURSTON.

"Re challenging Morrisburg. Believing it to be of God, I desire to enter the competition for Self-Denial against the corps of Morrisburg. I, therefore, this 9th day of November, challenge the above corps." —W. BRINDLEY, Captain.

Capt. Oder, what do you say to this? Thurston is down for \$55, while Morrisburg is fixed at \$15.

And yet another challenge comes in.

CAMPBELLFORD.

"Re challenging another corps. At our soldiers' meeting last night it was moved and carried that we challenge any corps you have in the Province of our size." —CAPT. LARTER.

All right, Captain, go in to beat Port Hope.

Now, officers, let nothing bring defeat.

MOOSOMIN.—Crowds increasing. Interest deepening. Conviction visible. Three soldiers added to the roll.—Capt. KADY.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETINGS * * Toronto Special Holiness Campaign!

7:45 EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT THE JUBILEE HALL

THE COMMANDANT

Will Continue His Addresses on "REAL RELIGION."

MRS. BOOTH will Speak and Sing.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND and all Headquarters' Staff will be present, BRIGADIER BARRITT and the Divisional Staff. Toronto Corps will unite.



The annual Resonance Victoria was a great two M.P.'s, and many being present. A collection of \$1,000 was made.

The Australian Cavalry good service in the village.

Queensland had had Australians evidently a done by this branch of Nearly \$1,000 was given.

Colonel and Mrs. I have wonderful gatherings their Australian camps 108 cents at one place is

A cadet recently walked 158 miles to get

Commissioner and Hellberg will lend at going direct to Bombay will be given.

Colonel Jel Bhal reported Eight sons reported Crowds unable to gain a

India has just had its

"Christ's call for pictorial frontispiece of an Oz. The call appears woman at the sewing school teacher, and also in the office, the struggle. Query—dozens? Canadians, too?"

The Californian Charles upon remote places, and for the King of kings.

Staff-Capt. B. B. O. some enthusiastic meeting

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery are Salvationists, recent holiness meeting at the Frisco.

Commissioner Cadman the capture of large and in Oz. The call appears woman at the sewing school teacher, and also in the office, the struggle. Query—dozens? Canadians, too?"

The London County Co. theatre called the "Empire" section, which has shell-trap was brought on the scene of the press. I press recognize its power

The Self-Denial effort! a great success.

The Light Brigade collected \$2,000 in one session. 62,000 G. B. M. boxes collected.

The "Darkest England" is the only one in the where pre-war wages are poisonous phosphorus are

Commissioner and Mrs. Cadman's very enthusiastic Cape Town. Canada salute the African for

Self-Denial Week will doubtless reveal to multitudes of good people, as well as thousands of inconsistent Christians how much superfluity there is about their lives.—THE COMMANDANT.

Read this, Captain, when you offer the "Cry" for Sale at the Meetings.

"I really must read you this, my dear, it's so very stirring."
So she put aside her dish-washing for a minute, and dropped into the rocking-chair, glad of a brief respite, while he read the front page article of the WAR CRY.
She read the baby while he read.
"Dear me," she said as he concluded, "fancy that! We must do something for Self-Denial."
(Crisis from real life.)

WAR CRY

Editorial Notings.

Reconciliation Week.

THE GLUT OF WORK is so great at Headquarters, that it is found impossible to arrange the organized effort necessary for the good running of our Reconciliation Week. It is consequently postponed "till a more convenient season."

THE RECONCILING HOWEVER, is going on, blessed by God. Were we at liberty to disclose some of the sacred happenings within our Salvation borders, it would be seen that a glorious work of the Spirit is going on, and God is bringing back to the Army fold some whom we have mourned as wanderers from it.

"I PRAY . . . that they ALL may be ONE, as Thou Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be ONE in Us; that the world may believe . . ."—From the Lord's prayer, John xxi.

Give! December 1st to 8th.

"The Haves should help the Have-nots," says someone. "Give," said our Divine Leader centuries ago, and added the promise: "and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." How many in the eyes of God and man is that life which is absorbed in the "I" and the "MY" to the exclusion of the "thou" and the "thine"! It is refreshing to turn from the spectacle of the selfish Have, and the plea of Have-nots, to the doing of the Army and its friends in Self-Denial Week. Here will be seen the heaven-pleasing sight of tens of thousands praying, giving, and toiling, not for the I and my but for the Have-nots thronging around. The Army recognizes the fact involved in the saying of the Lord Jesus: "I was sick, and I was in prison, I was hungry, I was naked," and through Self-Denial Week directs its whole force in one supreme and extraordinary effort to procure the wherewithal to staunch the bleeding wounds of Lazarus at the gate. Once again we appeal to one and all to recognize Christ in the needy around, and to lay up so big a treasure Christ-wards this week, that the Army will be sufficiently aided with funds, and their own reaping, according to the promise, be very abundant.

Memo re Xmas "Cry."

Any F. O.'s who have not replied to Editor's letter, should do so without delay.

Condolence.

The Commandant, in one of the many Headquarters meetings he has been conducting, made a touching reference to the sudden blow which has fallen upon our dear comrades, Major and Mrs. Straton. Major Straton's father had been ill for some time, but was much better; without warning, therefore, the cable brought news of his death. The WAR CRY joins with our leaders, and other comrades, in expressing its sympathy with their bereaved Brother and Sister Straton. May God comfort them.

Toronto, Advance! S.D.I

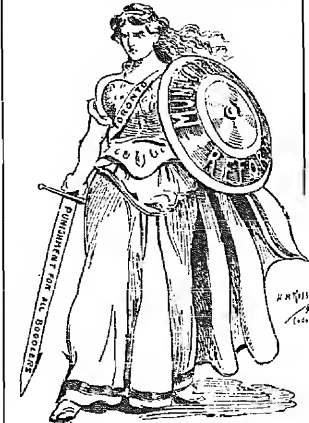
News just to hand from Toronto city

corps is highly exhilarating. Nomination meetings were held, and excellent results obtained. The Temple leads with 870 nominated. They will be sure to do their \$800. Other city corps are proportionately good. Praise the Lord.

S.D. "Cry."

This will be a charmer. Pile on the sale, comrades. Can we not have a new boom for the Cry enlisted in every corps? The S. D. Cry will be a very opportune time to start.

WITH DRAWN SWORD.



Toronto Stands Prepared to Mete Out Retributive Justice at all Hazards.

MUNICIPAL CLEANSINGS are the order of the day. Dr. Parkhurst has wielded the rod of God in New York like a veritable Moses, and, lo, the snake-wands of the Tammany tricksters are gobbled up. The Daily Witness has played a noble part in Montreal, and in Toronto, Judge McDougall's verdict has put the finishing stroke on a case which has amazed a good many people. We are full of the war against sin, drink, and the devil (unholy trinity); but we can step to say to those who'ding "the rod," "God bless you, go on!" We notice, too, with no small pleasure, the soundness of the Canadian Press on these matters. The newspapers are a voice public opinion, which may be correctly guessed from the accompanying cartoon, taken from the Toronto Evening News, of November 14th.

Colonel Nicol's Last Tip to the Canadian "Cry" Man.

"Push on, old fellow. There is no royal road to success in any walk of life. Genius is eternal patience; we chase want that."
"I had a most profitable time, and got a fair amount of copy."
"I was awfully grieved I had so little time in Toronto. More next!"
"Salute to Esige Kinton, and your new-found partner."
"Ever sincerely yours,
"ALEX. M. NICOL, COLONEL."

No doubt Mrs. Read bot voices the sentiment of many another, to whose heart-stirring copy we have been forced, with reluctant fingers, to point the Editorial scissors.

"I can easily understand it is very difficult to insert all copy, but was rather disappointed that you had not room for a longer or more detailed account of the opening meetings, which were in every way a success, and I did not think my brief summary did them justice at all."

"I did want to send the Cry to some of the friends, and was, therefore, sorry that the Grace Church meeting, demonstration in barracks, etc., was not reported fully."

"I suppose we are all anxious for the advancement of the special corps, for which we are responsible, and the Cry does help the work very much—not only in selling it locally, but in bringing in assistance to the various branches of work 'written up,' and a great interest has been taken by the people of our Province in our new home."

MRS. BOOTH

CONDUCTS

Another of Her Dearly-Prized and Appreciated Spiritual Meetings

WITH THE

WOMEN OF HER SOCIAL STAFF.

We always look forward with delight when we hear that a meeting is to be held by our dear leader, Mrs. Booth.

The Women's Social meeting, last Tuesday, in the Auxiliary room, was a time of blessing and inspiration to every heart present, and we are all determined to follow out in life and work the Divine instruction we received from Mrs. Booth.

Each officer told of the victories won in soul and work, all being satisfied they were in their right place, and perfectly happy.

The meeting over, we went to the Women's Shelter, where Mrs. Booth had so kindly provided a lunch for us, and in the midst of it, the Commandant came in rather unexpectedly, yet, nevertheless, lovingly welcomed. We all felt proud to gaze on the face of one who has fought and won so many victories, and we are really thankful for the blessed privilege of fighting under such faithful and devoted chiefs as our Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

ESSIGN TIERNEY.

Financial Secretary's Notes.

"Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here."—STILL.

"My dear Streeton, I am going to tell you something that will be a great blow to you." So spoke the Commandant on Wednesday morning. When I replied, "I think not, sir." Little did I imagine what was about to follow. "I have received a cable from England saying your father died quite suddenly."

What a cold thing that cable seemed, for only two days before had I received one of those very welcome and loving weekly letters (and two days after the cable, one more). "He was such a good man, never kept me back," were the first words that came in reply.

It was hard, yes, very hard; and to be powerless to do anything made things worse.

In this one of the "All things"? Yes! and our hearts respond, "Thy will be done."

Many thanks, my dear Commandant, and comrades, for your kind and timely expressions of sympathy.

May I ask your prayers?



PROMOTIONS.

Lieut. Dover to be Captain.
Lieut. Pinnett to be Captain.
Lieut. Brake to be Captain.
Cadet Alice Fisher to be Lieut.

APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. Brake.
Capt. Dover to be Captain.
Lieut. Fisher to be Lieut.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN!

Latest Telegraphic News.

FLINT, MICH., Nov. 20.

WAR CRY, TORONTO:

Finished Cleveland campaign; spiritual splendid. Ninety-nine seekers a form for day. Cincinnati tip-top; four hundred Auxiliaries wearing badges; two meetings, massive music hall seating five thousand. General left for care during magnificent prayer meeting.

Kneeling penitents, eighteen hundred. Toledo church, afternoon and night. Doctor Ward proposed thanks, saying there was man sent from God—his name was Booth. Detroit O. K. Three elite gatherings yesterday. Morning, First Baptist Church thronged; two hundred dollars collection; afternoon social talk, riveted crowds: night, twenty-four souls.

LONGFELLOW,
International War Cry Correspondent.

COLONEL NICOL IN TORONTO.

EVENING MEETING.

In the well-filled Jubilee Hall, an appreciative company gathered to welcome the champion War Cry Editor of the world.

Colonel Nicol arose, amidst a boisterous tumult of greeting and applause. He talked rapidly and earnestly, carrying the audience to and fro through time and space, with a rapidity enough to take one's breath away.

He commenced by stating how impressed he was to find how much "like Salvationists" are, in whatever quarter of the globe you may find them. Whether listening to the jumbled testimony of the African, just emerging from the huskiness of the jungle into brightness of light of eternal day; or among the staid Lyones of Northern Europe. Whether among the enlightened and swaggering Yankees, or the

Composed, Cool, Well-Educated Canadian.

The Colonel considered now he had almost concluded his education as a Salvation tramp.

He reverted touchingly to the day when first, on his knees before God, he had threshed out the question of his own surrender.

He confessed himself a Scotchman, as delighted the audience with the assertion, made by somebody, that a Scotchman was a man who "keeps the Sabbath, and every other blessed thing he can lay his hands on;" whilst the Scotchman, it is said, is one who can "mend stockings, make porridge, and

Look After Jack

when he comes home drunk." Anybody, the Scotchman knows a good bargain when he sees it.

Before the speaker was converted, he was ordering to his own showing—he was a queer customer, "embued with the love of pleasure—the theatre, the dance, the saloon. He always liked merriment; he liked enjoyment. But at last he discovered the only way to be happy, was to be good. He did not want a Christianity that makes people go about with a face as long as a church-spirit. His early days had

There ought to

been full of infidel notions, and religion was an only needing

The Broom of S

to sweep it clean away. I with sorrow, how he had tears of his mother where from her cheeks. But what that away

The time came when he yielded. A young man, recently been converted among his fellow-mates, I noticed, counting Methodist began to blaspheme his much for the lead, and he personators with tears in reality of the exclamation, make Himself manifest, a recognize the Spirit of the spirit of the man who he became convicted. His life was torn to bitter

Always Liked

He worshipped the these months he had never mis- he felt he could almost give it up

But at last he found rest the Cross; rebel as he had he was converted. So full exuberance he was, that brother, and pulled him on him so. His mother kissed together they sang:

"My Jesus to know To feel His blood To life eternal 'Tis heaven below."

Here Colonel Nicol launched hot-headed app at the to Finally he reverted to spoke with cordial love an the Commandant and M assured no he

Felt "Jolly Pro

of the Commandant. We tively little idea of the in which he is held in the Through the influence and of Herbert Booth, many has become a mighty oak manfully in various parts under the Army B.G. G. Commandant as one of G

(Space Exhaust

The Temple S.-D. M.

Dear comrades and friends you know that the Temple booming. If this report is dox, please excuse a notice; better next time.

He'll-jolly! Sunday morning-drill. Glorious time; breaking. The Lord does a child ren when they move a little bodily rest, for His don't believe it, just try and de Barritt was such as. He were very much in evidence almost time, and many new to be better soldiers and Ch before.

The afternoon and evening announced as the nomination for the Temple. I rejoice to a glorious victory here. The pleined the idea of Self-Denial and footless manner for help in this great effort, speeded to by the comra promising to give and collect \$250. Glory to God! I have the Temple corps; I believe has hit our target. FAIRLY work was accomplished. After the business of nom which brought our list of pr we settled down for a re meeting, which was crown inasmuch as three precious found our Saviors, to the joy Please excuse this order.

First, and pray and believe better next time. God bless P.S.—I heard of a comrad do with us better from now I think, and to give the most I think this is a real, down denial, as he is specially for side, he does not get any as you think, Editor?

[That's O. K.—En.]

There ought to be no difficulty as to the whereabouts of any true Salvationist. To look for him at the Cross should be sufficient.—THE COMMANDANT.

been full of infidel notions. He had decided that religion was an old superstition, only needing

The Broom of Science

to sweep it clean away. He remembered, with sorrow, how he had stamped on the tears of his mother where they had fallen from her cheeks. But grace had swept all that away.

The time came when he, too, got converted. A young man, who then had recently been converted, and testified among his fellow-soldiers, he regarded as a ranting ranting Methodist. But when they began to blaspheme his God, it was too much for the lad, and he turned upon his persecutors with tears in his eyes. In the result of the exposure, God seemed to make Himself manifest, and the Colonel recognized the Spirit of the Saviour, and the spirit of the man who enrolled him.

He became convicted. For a fortnight his life was turned to bitterness, for he had

Always Liked Sin.

He worshipped the theatre; for three months he had never missed a night there; he felt he could almost die rather than give it up.

But at last he found rest at the foot of the Cross; rebel as he had been, he knew he was converted. So filled with joyful exuberance he was, that he collared his brother, and pulled him out of bed to tell him so. His mother kissed him, and together they sang:

"My Jesus to know,
To feel His love, how
His life overhauling,
His heaven below."

Here Colonel Nicol launched forth into a hot-headed appeal to the unsaved.

Really he reverted to Canada. He spoke with cordial love and admiration of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. He assured us he

Felt "Jolly Proud"

of the Commandant. We have comparatively little idea of the high estimation in which he is held in the Mother Country. Through the influence and skillful training of Herbert Booth, many a young soldier has become a mighty oak, now fighting manfully in various parts of the world under the Army flag. He regarded the Commandant as one of God's rulers.

(Space Exhausted.)

The Temple S.-D. Nomination.

Dear comrades and friends, this is to let you know that the Temple Corp is alive and booming. If this report is not quite orthodox, please excuse a novice; I will try and do better next time.

Is it July? Sunday morning, fifteen at breakfast. Glorious time; regard hallojah breakfast. The Lord does specially bless His children when they deny themselves of a little body rest for His dear sake. If you don't believe it, just try and see. Brigadier de Burtis was with us. He and his associates were very much in evidence. We had a real blessed time, and many new vows were made to be better soldiers and Christians than ever before.

The afternoon and evening meetings were announced as the nomination for Self-Denial for the Temple. I rejoice to be able to report a glorious victory here. The Brigadier explained the idea of Self-Denial in his usual masterly and fearless manner, and his appeal for help in this great effort was liberally responded to by the comrades and friends.

Promising to give and collect something over \$250. Glory to God! I have great faith for the Temple Corps; I believe we shall meet them at our target. FAITH IN GOD AND HARD WORK WILL ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING.

After the business of nomination was over, which brought our list of promises up to \$280, we sat down for a real good spiritual meeting, which was crowned with success, inasmuch as three precious souls sought and found our Saviour, to the joy of their hearts.

Please excuse this crude attempt, as it is my first, and pray and believe that I shall do better next time. God bless you!

P.S.—I heard of a comrade who agreed to do with it but later on now until after Self-Denial, and to give the money to this Fund. I think this is a real, down-right bit of self-denial, as he is specially fond of butter; besides, he does not get any salary. What do you think, Editor?

[That's O. K.—Ed.]

GLORIOUS TIDINGS OF THE GENERAL.

Bishop Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Calls the
Salvation Army

"A UNIQUE REVOLUTION."

"I AM to introduce to you one whom already the public press, with its thousand tongues, has made known to you. The work of the Salvation Army, it is a remarkable fact, is now

Riveting the Gaze of the Civilized World.

(Applause.) We might almost say that the world over has now heard the sound of the drum and the call to battle, not against flesh and blood, but against the world, the flesh and the devil. (Applause.)

"And insignificant have been the results already attained. We stand amazed at the progress and the achievements of this unique revolution in Gospel work among men, and therefore we cannot but be glad of the opportunity—now, I say, here assembled, the leading clergymen of Philadelphia, and men of mark in this community—of listening to him whose genuine for aggressive gospel, benevolent work God has sanctified to the founding, and the organizing, and the conducting of this

Marvellously Great Gospel Movement

—a movement having for its aim, and having already attained remarkable success in pursuit of that aim, to carry the very first principles of the Gospel—the authoritative terms of salvation—to nooks and corners, slums and haunts, where hitherto our Churches have scarcely gone." (Applause.)

Bishop Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, spoke with dignity and enthusiasm combined as he thus introduced the General to his first audience in

The City of Brotherly Love.

"As we clasp hands to-day let it help us to go out further still to rescue those whose salvation he is seeking to accomplish." In the manner Mrs. Ballington Booth concluded her prayer; and as the General unfolded, with ready word and animated spirit, the way God has led him and the Army he leads, we praised God for a literal fulfilment of her petition.

Somewhat everybody seemed to get helped, cheered, or at least enlightened. The latter were a pretty numerous class, judging by some of the elementary questions asked at the answering of which, as well as some more intricate queries, the General exhibited a readiness and wit which was keenly enjoyed. For instance:

Question: "What is the Army's regulation with regard to alcoholic beverages?"

Answer: "That they are not to be partaken of. If any of our soldiers partake of them, we should put them out; what is more, remove anyone that manufactured them." (Loud applause.)

Question: "What are your views regarding the legal Sabbath day?"

Answer: "We reckon we have seven Sundays a week." (Another plauditory outbreak.)

Question: "Is it consistent for a member of the Army to vote for a saloon license?"

Answer: "I would be very inconsistent. As then Dr. Petersen—known to many Londoners as the gentleman who so ably filled Mr. Spurgeon's place at the Tabernacle for several months—in the kind! at spirit out the very penetrating inquiry: "Supposing you were about to start your Social Scheme again, would you be induced to make any alterations in your plans?"

The General's reply was emphatic and decisive: "As to the radical, fundamental parts of the Scheme, I should have no alteration to make, for I have no doubt I was divinely guided in what I did."

SUNDAY IN QUAKERDOM.

THE GENERAL ATTAINS RELIGIOUS—STUNTED A 4000 AUDIENCE WITH ARMY R-MANCE AND SEEN A GROWTH AT THE CROSS.

Whether the Quaker City or the Empire

City leads is a matter of opinion. After a Sunday of great blessing and enormous gatherings—almost as many people being shut out as squeezed in—it would not be fair to put Philadelphia second to any place in the campaign.

When, with a thousand strong congregation, we commenced the day's battle in the Memorial Hall, the General, half pathetically, half jocularly, remarked that his people kept him

Running Around Seven Days a Week.

and mainly for other folk. He was going to try to get a little in this morning for himself. "And I am coming to the throne of grace! Let us all go there!"

He read with the practical application that we should and could always be in the ready-to-get-down on your knees spirit.

"I am," added the General, "a great believer in the grandeur of man as man, in the possibilities of his future and in the immense growth and expansion of my own nature and sense. I believe it is quite possible to be saved after the power of an endless life, which is not an endless stagnation. But I am also a strong believer in the wreck and ruin that has been wrought by sin. It has brought you into this poor wandering state in which you are.

Led by the Nose by the Devil

to do his will. But oh, Jehovah has undertaken you! God Almighty has got hold of you! You may not feel it, but He is close to you, and He is going to make a good job of you—if you will let Him. He is mighty to save."

"My Father wants to see you happy," was the thread of the theme which ran all through the General's address, which stirred the hearts of the General's hearers, with the addition, "And my Father can make you happy."

"If you sang more your servants would get saved; if you sang more, mothers, your children would get saved. Joyousness is natural to them; they don't like the religion of

A Melancholy Old Grandmother."

With great plainness the General dealt with the cause of religious melancholia, saying: "Leave your bread and water diet—the doing the duties of religion because you ought—and come and have roast beef and turkeys—the gladsome, holy heart that lives and works by love!"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following three memorable events took place at Washington, D. C. in connection with the General's great demonstration at the National Capital:

1. The cordial reception given by the local committee as the General emerged from the Philadelphia express at the Pennsylvania depot shortly before two o'clock.

2. The meeting of the pastor of the city and suburban churches at three p.m.

3. The influential and representative gathering at eight p.m. in the huge Convention Hall, where the General delivered an exhaustive address on "The Social Scheme" to an appreciative audience of some 4,000 persons.

Upon the arrival of the General and party at the Pennsylvania depot, Dr. Newman, on behalf of the local reception committee, extended a hearty welcome to the distinguished visitor.

The afternoon meeting for ministers was held at the First Congregational Church, corner of Tenth and O Streets, where the General described

The Rise and Progress

of the Army. We cannot do better than quote the Washington Post report:—

"When General Booth had finished his

talk, many questions were propounded by the gathering. Among them was, 'How does the Army stand in regard to the sacraments of baptism and communion?'

"To this he made reply that up to the present time it had not been practicable for them to have either of these in their meetings, but in the future he felt that perhaps the Lord might lead them to take a different course. 'Meantime,' said he, 'we have constant spiritual communion with Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.' If any soldier was disposed to take the wine of communion he was at perfect liberty to do so, and, so far, no church had refused to receive those who manifested this desire."

"At the conclusion of the meeting a rising vote of 'thanks, sympathy, and goodspeed' was adopted. General Booth expressed his warm appreciation of the welcome he had met with, and Commander Ballington Booth called down a benediction."

Prior to the evening meeting, Salvationists of all ranks met at the barracks and marched to Convention Hall.

When the General appeared upon the platform of the huge Convention Hall, at 8 p.m., he faced

An Audience of 4000

persons, who greeted him with ringing applause.

The proceedings commenced by singing. Then in an instant the host of trombones and cornets, the bang of drum and cymbals, and the ecstasies of fermenting Salvationists were hurled while Dr. Tunis Hamilton fervently prayed.

Mr. Justice Strong addressed the audience, introducing the General. The Justice said he deemed it a privilege and pleasure to present the projector, organizer, and founder of the Salvation Army. Its soldiers were to be found everywhere, and the organization was still growing. No organization of the Christian Church had developed to such an extent in the same length of time.

Faith has been found to be a military organization, but what was Christian life but a warfare? We are commissioned as God's soldiers in our churches in such songs as "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "One army of the living God."

THE BALTIMORE BATTLE.

Baltimore is known in the States as the Monumental City, and that, perhaps, is what makes it such a hard nut for the Army to "crack." The great difficulty, it is said, lies in soldier-making. This point is fairly strong in auxiliaries; but the General's visit happened to be on the day after election, when everybody seemed to have abandoned themselves to political excitement and enthusiasm.

The first meeting was in New Music Hall, Mayor unable to be present, but President Gilman, of the John Hopkins University, readily undertook the duty.

In his remarks, he said: "The problem of all thoughtful persons is how to reach those multitudes who are steeped in iniquity and degradation. We know that in every town—in Baltimore as well as in New York—poverty, idleness, intemperance, vice, crime, and sin, are rampant; and we know how feeble are our efforts when we endeavor to reach those who are overwhelmed with the circumstances in which they are placed, and the habits which they have formed. Shall we not, then, give a hearty welcome to one who stands for an ideal, and that ideal is the rescue of the forlorn and the neglected?"

A very cheering letter, showing the endorsement of sympathy and approval at work, however, came from the superintendent of the Baltimore Christian Endeavor Union, signed by seven ministers.

The General told his audience it was

Rather a Novelty

for him to speak to other than a crowded house, but he hoped those who were present would make up for those who were not, especially in the matter of the collection. His was a topic which did not need large crowds to raise the enthusiasm of his own heart. As the General proceeded there was a gradual not only in kind of interest and sympathy, and loud cheering & stated the sentiment.

"I hope we are going to have a good crusade—not of the holy places of the Holy Land, but of the hearts of men and women that have been made holy and fit for the New Jerusalem."

For the Salvation

and sanctification of souls. Wednesday was wholly devoted to this the daily enterprise of the General's heart. Morning and afternoon meetings were in the General Music Hall; at night, in the new Music Hall. The attendances were not nearly so large as we would have liked.

Charge of the West Ontario Self-Denial Cavalry.

BATTERING-RAMS PLAYING RIGHT HARD.

BROADBIEB MARGOTTS.

Despite terrific odds let it be understood that this year of '94 is the time when West Ontario is going to win.

THE TARGETS have been set some time ago. \$3687 is our target, which is to be set sky high. She can be sent as far above the sky as you like.

It may be as well to show you how the cavalry troops will make this easy. On the day that totals are counted, and the final inspection is made, mounted on their prancing, snorting, spirited steeds of determination, pluck, energy, and faith, each warrior will hold a medal, upon which will be inscribed the result of the S.-D. victory they have won.

I will just take you for a glance at the district commands as they appear in the disposition, and show you how this will be accomplished. Ensign Moore has gone into Chatham. Last year the Ensign brought the Windsor target from \$32.92 to \$72.01. Since that period he has joined "the benedictos," and I have heard of his better half calling noon doctors, lawyers, judges, and business men, in the interest of corps work, and mark you, notwithstanding the fact that that noble heroine, Ensign Atkenhead brought up the Chatham troops from \$165.70 to \$299.28 last year, on Moore's medal will be written in plain language the words, "Target \$325 passed."

Dresden will gallop through her foe. You have heard of the charge of the Scotch Graye, and your blood has run high when your mind has viewed the tragic, thrilling scene. If the Scotch are heroes, Newfoundlanders are enthusiastic, and you'll see Ensign Ogilvie and her Lieutenant with a shout and a bang, come trooping into the goal of victory. Even though you have gone to the N.-W., Ensign Goodwin, you will have to mind your laurels. \$132.23 was a glorious rise last year on \$31.86, Ensign Ogilvie's medal, however, will show at least \$190.

Guelph, mind you, is going to get a lifter. This will be the first time that Ensign Case has hauled a district through the S.-D. effort, but alas your heart, he brought Goderich from \$54.16, in '92, to no less a handsome rise than \$105.68 in '93. Ensign Miller made this district read \$264.09 at the last effort. \$325 is this year's goal, but I tremble for Ensign Clarke, of Windsor district, whose target is \$415, for Case glories in making his medal read, "No equal; everything left far behind."

London district did \$304.09 in '93. This against \$187.04 was a splendid increase. Then Adj. Archibald was at the fore; now Staff-Capt. Collier overtook, and although at the present he is real sick, I have heard a few birds whistling, and now that Ensign Lowry is at the centre it becomes a serious question as to whether Ensign Fraser will come in before my clock omrade Collier or no. The London medal shall read \$460.

At Owen Sound district the foe they have to fight \$175. There is only \$15 between that and the Dresden target. Do I think Edward Lee is going to be left behind, the Scotch Graye, or no graye, for the sake of \$15? Naught less than \$175 will be blazing on Lee's medal.

Palmerston, last year, was the district which did \$122.31, and this year is down for \$295.

Petrolia is like Victoria, it glories in giving and helping forward the war. The oil manufacturing may have something to do with that. From \$140.00 '92, to \$170.53 in '93, Ensign Creighton brought up the figure. Gideon, you'll see him come puffing out with steam at high pressure, and his medal marked no less than \$265. Query: Will he allow Palmerston, or even Chatham, to surpass him?

Seaford and Simcoe. Adj. Taylor and Ensign Malby, secondly, Ensign Ayre and Fraser. Fraser brought Seaford from \$135.81 to \$192.39 last year; while Ensign Ayre brought Simcoe from \$23.61 to \$178.23. Seaford is aiming at \$305 this year, and Simcoe



WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH (continued).



HE next place we called at was the Women's Shelter at Hanbury Street. It was a sore sight to see the gathering of poor wretches, some with several children.

This scene must be seen to understand it and to be stirred by it in the innermost soul.

Wretchedness, misery! These are no names for their condition. I can well understand the bitter feeling of hate and its train of desire which must rise in the heart without Salvation and God, of those poorest of the poor whom I saw there, when they see

Comfort, Luxury, and Extravagance

displayed lavishly as they do in London. I could not help but ask the Lieutenant who was showing us round, whether she did not find it very trying and difficult.

"The grace is sufficient," she answered, with a smile of faith.

God bless those brave ladies, for braver are they than many an one whose bravery is publicly lauded.

A Women's Metropole is connected with this shelter, where beds, clean, and very comfortable, can be had for fifty cents a week, which is a boon to many a poor girl struggling with poverty, and worse difficulties.

On we hurried to the Lighthouse, to see the men at tea. My word, they get enough for tea to do me almost all day, and they can lay it in, too.

Capt. Winch knew Everybody,

and had to say a word in passing to many. Quite frequently he would stop and take a drink of tea out of the big cup, which was cheerfully granted, and when he said "Good night," the men answered in chorus, "Good night, Captain," which sounded like the roar of many waters.

Next came the Men's Metropole, being a big thing, and then the big Shelter at Blackfriars Bridge, which is bigger still, accommodating over a thousand persons. The cheerful looks and manners of the officers in charge, and the hospitality which pervades all those connected with the management, struck me very favorably. I can but say, "God bless them," for any more to say would be insufficient.

We called also at the Bridge, being the Prison Gate House, which is also in a very good condition, and harbor many rescued from sin and destruction, both socially and spiritually. Dad Sloss, the converted burglar, who had spent forty years in prison, was flogged eight times and got caved in 1889 at Clerkenwell, showed us round the institution.

\$300. Both are newly married people, both have real, steady, competent better-halves, and both are new on the field.

There'll be a Gale on at Strathroy, which last year, under Ensign Henderson, rose from \$57.36 to \$125.13. Nevertheless, at Owen Sound, the Gale blew up the figure from \$70.04 to \$98.54. It is pretty certain that no less a figure than \$223 will be inscribed on Ensign Gale's medal.

Ensign Clarke is at the front for Windsor. He gets hold of mayors and aldermen, and merchants, and I know not who. He lifted Woodstock from \$13.80 to \$52.90 last year. There is \$60 difference between his target and that of Ensign Fraser, who did a good stroke last season as Seaford. Now, Ensign Fraser, you will need to be on the alert. Woodstock medal will be stamped with the figure \$476, while I feel quite as confident that Ensign Clarke will make sure that his target, \$415 is shattered to pieces.

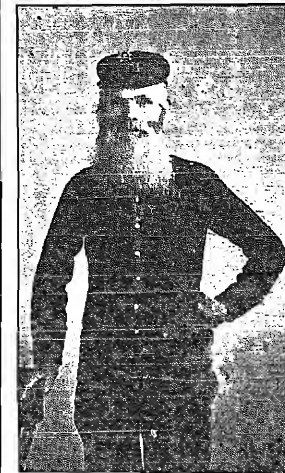
The Visitor's Book

contained the names of some Americans, one of which wrote the few significant words, "To be good is to do good," to which I said, "Amen!" and prayed to be able to fully understand and act it in my own life. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we got through at night.

Thursday, Sept. 12th, I went to Hadleigh Farm Colony. Unfortunately, I did not take my camera with me, which I regretted all that day, and afterwards until this day. The situation is very nice indeed.

Near the ruins of Hadleigh Castle is a spacious refreshment room for visitors and picnic parties.

Colonel Stitt was kind enough to conduct me personally all over the big place, from early afternoon till evening, when we both had supper, and I returned by train to London.



DAD SLOSS, Converted Burglar, 40 Years in Prison.

The Farm Colony is much bigger than I anticipated. The aspect is good. Stacks of hay, grain, and beans are all over the place, between the Farm and the wharf on the Thames. Our locomotive "Prosperity" is hauling trucks to and fro. A planing mill is near the wharf, and the brickyard employs a number of hands.

(To be continued.)

The following shows the position of each district and target:—

Woodstock, \$476; London, \$460; Windsor, \$415; Chatham, \$325; Guelph, \$328; Seaford, \$305; Simcoe, \$300; Palmerston, \$295; Petrolia, \$265; Strathroy, \$223; Dresden, \$190; Owen Sound, \$175.

The four district corps who made the largest rises in '93 were: London, \$102.01; Woodstock, \$79.10; Chatham, \$68.59; Strathroy, \$60.10.

The second grades were: Simcoe, \$54.30; Dresden, \$40.53; Petrolia, \$27.04; Owen Sound, \$22.34.

The third grades were: Windsor, \$19.49; Seaford, \$15.35; Guelph, \$23.69.

The only district corps which did not reach as much as the year previous was Palmerston.

The six corps who made the best increases in '93 were: Essex \$53.66; Goderich, \$51.43; Wallaceburg, \$42.66; B.-lin, \$35.45; Tilsonburg, \$32.81; Galt, \$31.28.

The six corps that made the second best increases in '93 were: St. Marys, \$22.34; Til-

bury, \$19.16; Dutton, \$15.68; Amherstburg, \$15.44; Leamington, \$14.43; Sarnia, \$12.17. The third grade corps who got over the amount of the previous year were: Wyandham, Ridgeway, Bothwell, Thamesville, Chelley, Winton, Forest, Rayfield, Perth, Watford, Kingsville, Paris, and Stratford. The corps who did not get as much in '93 as in '92 were: Blenheim, St. Thomas, Dutton, Wingham, Brussels, Listowel, Mitchell, Clinton, Brantford, Norwich, Thebes, Comber, and Ingersoll.

THE GREAT S.-D. BATTLE IN THE North-West and B. C.

BY MAJOR READ.

NOW WE COME INTO THE ARMY OF THE ONE HUNDREDS. A noble crowd, but this year I am very anxious for them to rise to the ranks of the TWO HUNDREDS. Now the first of these is Edmonton, which last year stood at \$165.85, but, Captain Isaacson, your corps is booked for \$200 this year.

WELL DONE, LITTLE EDWARDS! Last year up in the HUNDREDS, but this year with Captain Bob Smith at the helm, assisted by Lieutenant Orr and Cadet Spence, you ought to do some tall work indeed. Then there are those North Dakotas. Surely they too will come forward, and of their abundance will give unto the Lord. What consternation it would make did those Americans and Canadians pull together and raise \$200. Their target is only \$160, but surely I can reckon on \$200 being raised here.

CARBERY, dare I match it against EDMONSON, its sister circle corps! Now, Captain Bailey, it will not hurt the feelings of your old comrades to fight them. But I shall think, lean towards EDMONSON, and the Pembina folks will do a great deal on this scale. Carberry, go at it. Instead of getting \$120, which is your target, go on to get \$240.

Now for the MISSISSIPPI! Last year there was only one station in the province, and that was MOOSE JAW. Their target is fixed to \$100. Captain Scott, I should jump for very joy did you get \$150, and thus try and get ahead of Fort William and Port Arthur. Moose Jaw people love the S. A., and they could get right ahead of many bigger stations. They did right nobly last year and raised \$92.60.

FORT WILLIAM and PORT ARTHUR are new places. These folks have never yet had their fingers in the S. A. S.-D. pie, but their time is coming, and Captain Westcott and Macsear, I believe you will have no great such an influence over your dear people that they will not come to your aid. This will mean a fight between these two places. There is Mrs. Westcott, hacking up her husband. There is Lieutenant Dwyer, backing Captain Macsear. Which place will be the victor!

Last year NEPEAWA raised \$28.90. Their target this year is \$75. NEPEAWA, RAD CITY is on your heels. R. C. raised last year \$66.55 and though they did less than NEPEAWA, their target is up to \$80.53 over NEPEAWA. Captain Hewitt is at the latter place, and Captain Baxter at the former. The RAD CITY soldiers can fight, while NEPEAWA will have to—(take a last look!) No!

Brave little Selkirk did nobly last year. To raise \$77.10 in a town like this, is no small thing, but their target this year has been set at \$100, and Captain Mayes and Lieutenant Hicke will, doubtless, see that they do it. Now, Moosejaw's target is just the same as Selkirk's.

Now, Captain Maggie Cowan, don't forget to give a good account of Morden. Surely you can get over \$54.55 this year! Your target is \$80. What shall I say to Captain Kadey, of Mooseomin? I sincerely believe they will go over their \$56 target. Brothers of the S. A. of the Mount Lehman Circle, though living so far away from a corps, God will not forget their deeds of kindness and love during Self-Denial Week, and will give them ten times in return for what they do. The New Westminster folk will look after them. They can \$30.08 last year; I have put them down for \$40 this year.

Vernon, another corps far away in the mountains, raised last year \$23.40. Is it any wonder their target has been raised to \$35 this year!

In conclusion, let me ask you to go in heart and soul; make the thing a complete success, and hit our Provincial Target.

Calgary.—As SELF-DENIAL is all the go now, I thought I would let you know how our faithful ones. I have mentioned our target to some of our soldiers \$300, and they think we can do it, and more, so in faith we go in to make it a blessing spiritually, and a success financially. I LOVE TO BEG FOR JESUS.—Captain S. Smith.

Pictou.—The Holy Spirit has been melting hearts; some have left, could not stay, as the result would have been, "My God, save me!" Five have come forward. One brother, like the prodigal, went to far countries to seek satisfaction, but returned home and gave himself to follow God. We drove to Cherry Valley, held a meeting; God melted hearts; one held up his hand to be prayed for. Presaling invitation to come back. — A. A. K., S. D.

SELF DENIAL

Have you got some special thing now, my brother, my sister, which you feel you ought to do for Christ from which you shrink, because unpleasant to human nature? What is it?—*The General.*

Around your cross the world, the flesh and the devil will make a ring, and joining hands will seek to keep you from it. They know it is the highway to victory, to heaven, to God.—*The General.*

SONGS OF SELF-SURRENDER.

TUNE—B. J. 87.

1 When first the Army came to town,
There gathered not a few,
I thought some new creation dawn
Had opened up to view.
At first sight of the red hat band,
A joy began to grow
Within my heart, I fell in love
With the Army red and blue.

CHORUS.

We all love the Army,
And we'll push it all we can,
Says God has helped so many souls
To try salvation's plan.
We'll raise the fallen from the dust
And bring them home to God;
And we are sure to conquer through
The Saviour's precious blood.

And since that time the gospel sun
Has brightened many a life,
Dispersed a lot of prejudice,
Brought hidden things to light.
Some people say it's very wrong
To make so much ado;
But we don't mind, we'll fight away
'Neath the Army red and blue.

Gone to be at home with Jesus,
And to wear a starry crown.
So we'll never be discouraged,
But we'll fight the fight and win,
And we, too, shall be victorious
O'er self, the world, and sin.

Oh, how many of God's children
Promise Him on bended knee,
They will follow in His footsteps,
Though it leads to Calvary!
Yes, the Saviour hears their promise,
Fills their soul with love and light,
Gives them grace and power to conquer
In the thickest, hardest fight.

LIEUT. KEMP, Moscowjawa.

TUNE—Bright crows. (B.J. 59)

3 A Friend I have who always can
Promise Him on bended knee,
A Friend Who gives me daily strength
When at the Cross I plead.

CHORUS.

We'll fight.

A Friend Who in the saddest hour
Will fill my soul with joy;
A Friend Who gives me sweetest peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Now, sinner, quit your rambling,
Give up your drink and gambling.
From all your sin the Lord will set you free;
If you come to Christ, your Saviour,
And seek His love and favor,
His pardon shall be given now to Thee.

CAPTAIN SIMS.

TUNE—Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps; or,
Room for Jesus. (B.J. 16)

5 When my path seems dark and dreary,
And my eyes can see no light,
Then I look away to Jesus,
And He leads me in the right.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps,
He has made my heart His home,
And I would not dare to turn away
Through this wide, wide world alone.

Saviour, help me in the conflict,
May I not be led astray,
For in darkness as in sunshine,
Thou wilt surely be my stay!

Though the storms may come upon me,
Jesus, He will be my sun;
I will still keep fighting onward,
Bye-and-bye He'll say "Well done."

SERGEANT IDA FITZGER, Logansport.

TUNE—The war, the war, etc.

7 From sin, Satan, self, let us come,
All dwellers in bright Christendom,
To Jesus our Lord, whose blood was out-
poured
To save from the prison and slum,
Christ's cleansing in full let us know,
His blood washes whiter than snow,
By faith we see clearly, we love Jesus dearly,
His precious blood cleanses just now.

CHORUS.

The Blood, the Blood, the soul-cleansing
Blood,
In Jesus believing, full cleansing receiving;
I'm out on the promise, I'm under the Blood,
All glory to Jesus, I'm under the Blood.

Dear Jesus, I triumph in Thee,
Abide Thou for ever in me;
Oh, take Thou my part, dwell now in my
heart,
Sink or swim, I go, Lord, with Thee.
My King, crowned in glory above,
I love Thee with all my heart's love.
In living or dying, on Thee I'm relying,
Till summoned to meet Thee above.

2ND CHORUS.

Oh, sinner, believer, come under the Blood,
King Jesus He keeps path, nor slumbers, nor
sleepeth;

SELF DENIAL



DECEMBER 1st to 8th



DECEMBER 1st to 8th



And now you see we're marching on,
We're spreading more and more,
We'll soon be all around the world,
For victory is sure.
We will be soldiers brave and strong
And fight for God right through,
With our dear General leading on,
In the Army red and blue.

LIEUT. GEO. THOMPSON.

TUNE—When the pearly gates unfold (B.
J. 142)

2 We are soldiers in the Army,
And we love to fight for God,
He has saved our souls from sinning,
Washed us in His precious blood;
Can we ever then repay Him
Who has given salvation free?
"No," we answer, "but we'll love Him
And we'll serve Him faithfully."

CHORUS.

Then when this war is over,
Oh, how beautiful 'twill be,
When we meet our loving Saviour,
His to be eternally!

We have loved ones over yonder
Who have laid their weapons down;

A Friend to Whom I always go
And tell my every care,
A Friend Who lives to cheer my heart
And wipe away each tear.

A Friend Who always proves to be
So faithful, kind, and true;
My Saviour is this wondrous Friend,
And you may have Him too.

LIEUT. JENNIE M. MCCANN.

TUNE—'Twas a very happy day. (B. J. 64)

4 When I in sin did wander,
My time in pleasure squander,
All heedless of a loving Saviour's call,
I was drifting to perdition
In a very sad condition,
When at His feet for mercy I did fall.

CHORUS.

'Twas a very happy day, etc.

My friends were aggravated
When my case to them I related,
And told me I should soon be back again;
But I kept my way pursuing,
The will of Jesus doing,
And yet I'm in the hallelujah train.

TUNE—Blessed Jesus. (B.J. 45), or, Always
Cheerful. (B.J. 43)

6 Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Left His heavenly home above,
Came down here to die and suffer,
Oh, amazing, wondrous love!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Jesus suffered,
Hallelujah! He came!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus died and lives again.

If you look down in the garden
You will see your Saviour there,
Kneeling down in deepest sorrow,
In the attitude of prayer.

There alone He prays in sorrow,
On that dark and lonely night;
With your sins and mine upon Him,
What an awful, awful sight!

Nailed between two thieves on Calvary,
On a rugged cross of wood,
Hangs He there a patient sufferer,
Shed for us His precious blood.

SERGEANT DORA HINDY, Old Perlecan.

The Blood, the Blood, the soul-cleansing
Blood,
I'll live and I'll die under Christ's precious
Blood.

MARIA FIMMON.

TUNE—So early in the morning.

8 When I in sin was far astray,
And wandered in the downward way,
One night the Spirit gently strove,
And I in sin did cease to rove.

CHORUS.

Now I do love Jesus (Repeat)
Because He loved me so.

Now in the march and open-air,
I mean for God to do my share;
His presence with me all the way,
It leads me on to endless day.

What less than this then could I do
Than show this blessed way to you;
The life you live 'tis plain to see
It brings you pain and misery.

2ND CHORUS.

But you may now love Jesus, (Repeat)
He waits to set you free.

CAPT. WM. CUNNING, Carlisle, N.B.

SELF DENIAL

Have you consecrated yourself with all you possess—body, soul and spirit,
family, influence and possession—to a life of self-denial for His dear sake,
and for the sake of the souls for whom He died.—*The General.*

After all, no cross can be so heavy as the one the Lord carried for us. Our tears
and trials and tribulations all combined, fail to reach in any degree the infinite
measure of anguish He endured for our sakes.—*The General.*